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PEGGY MAGBATH CONFINED IN THE VILLAGE STOCKS.

ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER VIII.—OUR EXPEDITION COMES TO NOTHING.

"HALLO, mistress! and what may you be wanting?" The voice fell upon our ears as we were

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wading knee-deep in straw through a large farm-yard, towards what seemed the front door of a large, old-fashioned house, and to which, apparently, there was no other approach. On looking round, we were made aware that the interruption

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proceeded from a stable or cow-house on one side of the yard; and the next minute, a man in a dirty smock-frock came stalking to us through the straw.

"What may you be wanting here, I say?" he demanded again, when he reached us.

"An' sure 'tis afther spaking to the squire, we'd be," said Peggy, nothing daunted; "an' maybe ye'd let him know that there's one begging to have a few words wid him in private, if so be he plazes."

"Catch me at that, you old vagrant," said the man, in a surly voice. "We don't want no beggars here; so you'll just turn out of the yard, mistress, bag and baggage, as soon as you please;" and he pointed with a pitchfork, which he held in his hand, to the gate through which we had entered.

"Is it a vagrant ye call me?" retorted Peggy, indignantly, and maintaining her ground: "ye'll see what the squire will have to say to ye for that same word whin he knows the rights of it. An' now ye'll plaze to let us be passing ye," she added, pushing the man aside contemptuously, and holding me tight by the hand.

The man looked for a moment as though he would have disputed our progress; but he didn't. He even put on a more civil look when he saw that I was frightened, and stood clinging to Peggy's cloak.

"I didn't mean to scare the boy," he said; "but I'm acting by orders not to let vagrants and beggars go up to the house. You know your business, dame, better nor I; but I tell you, you may go further and fare wuss." Saying this, he moved out of the way to let us pass, and we reached the door of the house without further interruption, except by the ferocious barking of a large dog, which sprang at us from his kennel.

A woman, coarse-featured and strong-limbed, who was scouring milk pails at the door, demanded, in no gentle voice, what business we had there; and, on being told by Mrs. Magrath that her business was with the squire, she disappeared for a moment—not out of hearing, however; for we could distinguish her voice, screaming in a high pitch, "Father, you are wanted."

"It's yer aunt, dear—yer poor mother's shister," whispered Peggy to me, grasping my hand nervously: "she's got a fine vice" (voice, she meant.) "anyway; but she's not like poor Ellen; and I'm misdoubting," she added, speaking more to herself than to me.

"I don't like her," I cried, trembling violently with painful excitement—"I don't: and I won't stop here; let us go away, Peggy;" and I clung to her with a tighter grasp.

"Whist, darling; it'll be a bright wilcome ye'll have whin they know ye," said she.

Our further whispers were stifled by the return of the woman, followed by an aged-looking, grey-headed man, in top boots and drab "smalls;" he was stripped to his shirt-sleeves—rather dirty ones; and in one of his hands, which were large and bony, he held a formidable whip. His features, as I now remember them, were contracted and mean, as though a long course of grasping and pinching had impressed its character on his countenance; and his voice sounded in my ears sharp

and harsh, as he addressed himself to Peggy, and demanded her business.

Mrs. Magrath thrust her hand into her pocket, and, drawing forth a small packet, presented it to her interrogator; it was a letter, folded within a piece of brown paper, not very clean. "Maybe ye'll read that bit o' writin', yer honour," she said, curtsying very humbly.

"None of your begging petitions for me, mistress," said he, angrily, pushing it back again; "if you've come here with that sort of thing, you'll find out your mistake; so you had better tramp: d'ye hear?"

"I niver begged of you nor yours, sir," said Peggy, with some degree of irritation; "and it wasn't for that——. But, maybe ye'd bether read what's writ," she added, in a softened tone, again offering the letter with one hand, laying the other fondly on my head.

"Read the paper, father," said my aunt—for I have no doubt she was my aunt—"read it, and ha' done with the woman."

Thus adjured and prompted, the squire, as he was called by Peggy, took the letter, and, placing on his nose a pair of spectacles, opened it and glanced over its contents. I watched his countenance, and so did Peggy, as he slowly turned it over in his hand. I could see that, for a moment, his lips and nostrils quivered with excitement or surprise; but it was only for a moment, and then a dark and ominous scowl gathered on his wrinkled brow, and his cheeks turned pale with evident fury.

He dashed the letter on the ground, and, with an epithet which I shall not repeat, and in a yell which made my blood run cold with terror, demanded of Mrs. Magrath from whom she obtained that paper.

"Sure, an' yer honour, the name's writ plain at the fut," said Peggy, herself startled by the sudden exhibition of almost unbridled wrath.

"The name on that letter is Ellen Leigh," said he, trampling on it with his heavy boot, while, by a strange and strong effort, as it must have been, he smoothed his rugged countenance and lowered his voice to a sort of hissing whisper. "I know no person of that name. Who is Ellen Leigh?"

I noticed, with the quickness and intuition which, young as I was, my street experiences had taught me, that, at the mention of that name, my aunt gave a sudden start; but she immediately recovered her look of indifference and stolidity, and went on scrubbing her milk pails with renewed energy.

"Who is Ellen Leigh?" my grandfather asked again, in the same low, mocking tone, as Peggy, struck with astonishment, as it seemed, stood staring at him, speechless.

"It's jokin' wid poor Peggy Magrath yer honour is," she replied, at length; "but sure yer honour's wilcome to that same, any way."

"I am in no humour for trifling," said the old man, brandishing his whip as he spoke; "and once more, I ask you, who is Ellen Leigh?"

The tone and manner were too decided this time to admit of being misunderstood; and Peggy drew herself up to her full height, and, looking my grandfather full in the face, replied, with more dignity than I had ever before known her to

assume, "If ye must be tould, sir, what ye know widout telling, ye must understand that Ellen Leigh, who is in the could grave-yard——"

"And what is that to me, woman?" demanded he, without any visible emotion.

"Hear to him!" exclaimed Peggy, lifting her hands in astonishment; "hear to him, axing what to him is it that his owne daughter is dead and buried!"

"I have got two daughters," said my grandfather, coldly; "this is one of them," and he pointed to the woman by his side, who had left the scouring of her pails, and was listening to the conversation with a strange mingling of interest and defiance in her countenance, as I now remember it; "and the other," continued he, "is married, and well-to-do in the world. I had another girl once; but——but what is that to you, you wretched impostor?" he interjected fiercely: "and what do you want here?"

"Yer honour, yer honour!" exclaimed poor Peggy, gasping for breath, and struggling, for my sake, to keep down her rising wrath, "ye cannot be sensible of what's writ down in that letther. Dear, kind lady!" she went on, turning to my aunt, "spake for me, and read that bit o' writin': ye'll see thin, that Peggy Magrath is no impostor. It was these hands, lady, that closed poor Ellen's eyes, and the tongue that's now spaking promised yer darling shister to bring back her memory to ye from the grave. Maybe, ye'll say, she sinned agen ye all; and while she lived, she didn't taize ye wid beggin' for yer help an' pity; but, o-hone! she didn't deserve to be cast off; and now she axes ye from the grave to be merciful, as ye hope for mercy, and to take to yer hearts the innocent boy that had no share in his mother's wrong-doin', any way. Ay, look at him, kind lady. Roland Leigh——and Peggy placed me before her; "and ye may ax him if the poor lone widow doesn't feel the bitter sorrow to part wid him; but I promised Ellen Leigh——yer shister, yer owne shister, lady—that my own hands should lade him to ye. Take him, lady——yer own shister's orphin child——an' as ye dale wid him, may——"

I know not whether it was astonishment or compunction that had kept my aunt silent hitherto, while Peggy, with more fervour than I can describe, and with tears streaming down her rugged cheeks, was pleading my mother's cause and mine. But if it was the latter, the transitory emotion soon subsided. She honoured me with a dull stare, however, as she said hastily—"There, that will do: and you mean to tell us that this is Ellen's boy, do you?"

"It is a lie, Martha," screamed her father; "and the woman is a cheat and impostor. She shall be dragged through the horse-pond, she shall, for a witch; she shall be put into the stocks for a vagrant; she shall taste the beadle's whip;" and he again flourished that which he held in his hand. I think in his anger he would have struck poor Peggy, if his daughter had not restrained him.

"Be quiet, father," she said. "I suppose it does not signify to us whether the woman is a cheat or not. Any way, we have got nothing to do with the brat that she has brought here. And as for you, mistress," she added, turning to my

protectress, "you know the way you came, I suppose."

"The sorra a bit I'll forgit it, ma'am," said Peggy, indignantly.

"That's fortunate," retorted my aunt with a sneer, "because you'll be able to find your way back again; and, let me tell you, the sooner you are on the road the better."

To say that Mrs. Magrath received this dismissal with profound astonishment, would be incorrect; for our reception, and the personal appearance and demeanour of my grandfather and aunt, together with the general aspect of the farm—so different in all respects from her sanguine imaginings—must have prepared her for the rebuff she experienced. But the gradual downfall of her expectations had given time for bitter feelings to rise up in their stead, and her passions unhappily getting the better of her reason, they broke out in an avalanche of angry denunciations, while she assumed attitudes of defiance which threatened a speedy renewal of a scene elsewhere described.

Perhaps it might have been avoided, but at that moment my grandfather again raised his whip. It was too much for the warm-tempered Irishwoman: in another moment the weapon was wrested from his hand; in another she was struggling violently to free herself from the rough grasp of three or four farm-labourers, who had run to the assistance of their master against the "the mad beggar-woman;" in a few minutes more, a constable and a parish beadle entered upon the scene—the one with his staff, and the other in gold-laced hat. After that, all is a blank in my shadowy remembrance, until the vision of a parish stocks rises before my mind's eye, with Peggy Magrath securely fastened therein. A crowd of villagers gathered round, finding food for their mirth in her humiliation, and I, seated by Peggy's side, sobbing and weeping, with one of her arms thrown over me as if for protection, and with my face hidden in her lap.

On being released from her ignominious confinement in the stocks, Peggy shouldered her bundle and marched with dignity through the rustic mob, which divided at our approach, for she looked formidable; and we had cleared the village and were a mile or two on the road before she slackened her pace.

Her dignity and apparent scornful disregard of the treatment she had received, was all in outward show, however; and as soon as we were well out of sight and hearing, her pent-up feelings broke out in such wild extravagances, that, child as I was, I began to think the charge of madness not unwarrantable. She sang wild songs at the pitch of her voice, and danced with the vigour of—of—what can I say more forcible than of an excited Irishwoman? I have since then heard of Indian war-songs and war-dances, death-songs and death-dances, and never without thinking of Peggy Magrath's performances on that day, with myself only as a terrified spectator and listener.

She sank exhausted on the road at last, and her active exertions gave way to unnatural mirth and floods of tears, in the course of which she clasped me to her bosom with a kind of rapturous joy.

This was the first scene in our retreat, and I

willingly spare my readers the recital of what followed day after day. I have read somewhere that the march of an army into an enemy's country, when flushed with hope of conquest, is order and discipline and decorum itself, compared with the same army when compelled to beat a retreat. It was so with us. Our expedition had been a failure, however Mrs. Magrath might personally rejoice in her emancipation from the promise she had made to my dead mother, and I in not being separated from my earliest friend; and the remembrance of her defeat and of the degradation she had undergone, to say nothing of the unfortunate and cruel, though perhaps not unnatural, misconception of her motives in attempting to restore me to my mother's relatives, rankled in poor Peggy's bosom.

Her self-respect was gone, and, alas! her money was almost gone too; and it was in a miserable state of destitution that, two months after our departure, we entered London, and returned to the refuge of Whiskers' Rents and our old garret.

In the course of a few days, however, our prospects had improved. Peggy was welcomed back again by her old employers; and the story of the wrongs I had suffered, extracted from them a few presents to replace the Sunday "shute," which had fallen a sacrifice to the imperative necessities of our disastrous journey.

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGION AT WHISKERS' RENTS.—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—MY SUNDAY SUIT PROMISES TO BE OF USE.

"A SUNDAY suit," I have written; but what did I want with a Sunday suit, to whom the Christian day of rest was but a day of more confirmed and vicious idleness than any day in the week besides? In my mother's time, so far as I remember, all days in the week were alike to me; but as I grew older I became aware that there was, somehow or other, a difference. I knew Sunday by name, and that it was the day on which Peggy, being always at home, made it her own washing-day—that is, she employed herself in the morning in this operation, which lasted no great while, for she hadn't much to wash; and in the afternoon she indulged herself, I am afraid, in an extra glass of her favourite cordial, and afterwards slept heavily till supper-time. I knew also that on this day there was more lounging, smoking, drinking, gambling, quarrelling, and fighting in Whiskers' Rents than on any other; and having by this time formed a sort of connection with boys of my own age in the neighbourhood, it was a day especially set apart for excursions into distant haunts and to snug corners, where we could play at pitch-and-toss for halfpence without fear of interruption.

I knew theoretically that there was some sort of respect paid to this day, above others, by people that did not live in Whiskers' Rents or in such places; and, practically, I was aware that the better sort of shops were shut up all day—that shopkeepers and others, perhaps, put on their best clothes on Sundays. Moreover, Whiskers' Rents was not so cut off by distance from the rest of the London world that I didn't hear the sound of church-bells two or three times a day. Nay, I knew what churches were; for I was acquainted

with the outsides of many, and was aware that on Sundays people in their aforesaid best clothes went into them. But what they went there for was a sort of mystery, with which I did not suppose I had any concern.

I knew that Mrs. Magrath was said, by herself and others, to be a "Roman," and also that she was an Irishwoman; but I have now a very indistinct remembrance of the ideas I attached to these words. I believe, however, that I thought them synonymous, but that it was no matter to me. I sometimes heard her talk about her "praste," whom I rightly judged to be a man of some sort; but there my knowledge ended, for I never saw this "praste." I think now that poor Peggy had some conscientious scruples on this matter. She knew that my mother was a heretic, or at any rate that she was not a Romanist; and though she felt no desire to change her religion, which was, alas! a very comfortable one for her, with her many evil habits, she had no mind to make a proselyte of me. So when she went to her chapel—which was twice a year, namely, on Christmas Day and Good Friday—she uniformly gave me to understand that it was something with which I had no concern. Whether she thought that I was in no spiritual danger by not belonging to her own church, I cannot tell.

But without further attempts at analysis, there was clearly no such thing as religion generally recognised in Whiskers' Rents. We did not look after it, and it was not brought to us. Meanwhile the church-bells around us were chimed, and churches and chapels and meeting-houses were opened Sunday after Sunday, and decent sort of people went to them; and, in the days of which I am writing, good Christian people bemoaned and deplored that there was so much ignorance and vice somewhere or other, or somehow or other, which could not be reached by any human means they could devise; and other Christian people were glorying in the persuasion that there never was such a happy land for religious privileges and means of grace as Protestant England; and not such another city in the world for these same privileges and means as the city round about Whiskers' Rents; and that, if Whiskers' Rents did not behave itself as it ought to do, and put on its Sunday garments, and go to church or to chapel or to meeting-house, it was Whiskers' Rents' own fault; and other Christian people in those same times were saying that it did not signify, for that if Whiskers' Rents was to be brought into the fold, it would be brought into the fold; and if it were not to be brought into the fold, it would not be brought into the fold; and that, when the time came to favour it, it would be favoured; and that they would not take the work out of the Master's hands; while not a few Christian people were profoundly ignorant that there were such places as Whiskers' Rents within a few stonethrow of their comfortable ceiled houses and their chosen sanctuaries, and would scarcely have believed it if they had been told.

And so the church bells went on chiming.

I was about ten years old, probably, when the garret next to ours received a new and permanent lodger, in the form of a small, dirty, and drunken

tailor. How he came to find out "Whiskers," or what could have induced him to fix his abode there, is a question that I am not bound to solve. Of course he was very poor, or he would not have thought of it; and having said that he was a drunken tailor, I need not say *why* he was poor.

He was a journeyman tailor; and he often had no work to do. What he had was principally, perhaps altogether, odd jobs of repairing; and he worked in his own garret—not in the workshop of his employer.

He did not come to "Whiskers" alone. Accompanying him was a girl, perhaps a little older than myself; and she was the daughter of the new lodger. I first knew this when, one evening, she tapped very feebly and hesitatingly at our door, and when told by Peggy to come in, asked, as timidly as she knocked, would we be so kind as to give her a light? Her father was gone out, she said, and it had come on so dark; and her fire was gone out too, and she had been trying to strike a light, but her fingers were so cold. All this she said, though so shrinkingly, yet so rapidly and hurriedly, that there was no stopping her till she had done; and then she stood so meekly waiting for an answer, and so patiently, though withal she was shivering with cold (for it was a cold frosty January evening), that Peggy's sympathies were roused; and in another minute she had coaxed the girl to come and warm herself at our fire, which she seemed very glad to do.

But she did not stop long, for she seemed frightened; and after telling Mrs. Magrath, in answer to her inquiries, that her name was Fanny, and that she had no mother, she darted back again into her own garret, with her lighted candle, and we saw no more of her that night.

She was a fair-faced little thing, with brown hair and pleasant-looking bright eyes; and she had a soft, musical voice.

After that, and very shortly, I became better acquainted with Fanny. Her father was often out in the evening, and did not return till late; and her fire was often out too, at the same time. It wouldn't have been like kind-hearted, compassionate Peggy Magrath if, under such circumstances, she had not invited the motherless child to bring her work to our fireside. Very soon little Fanny's diffidence wore off; and then we found that she was a cheerful little thing, though we knew she had a hard life of it.

She did not tell us this, but we could not help knowing it. Oh, how often did I hear her father cruelly beating her, when he was in one of his drunken fits, and Fanny crying and praying for mercy! It was nothing new or strange for children to be cruelly beaten at Whiskers' Rents. I had seen and heard too much of that to be very much concerned about it; but, somehow, I could not bear to hear Fanny beaten; and her plaintive cry, "Father, dear father, don't, pray don't! it is not my fault, indeed!" often made my blood boil with indignation; and I wished myself old and strong enough to be the poor child's champion, and so to deliver her from punishment.

Then we found out—very soon, too, though not by any complainings of hers—that Fanny was often very hungry. Indeed, her thin face and arms spoke for themselves, without any aid from

her tongue. It was not greatly to be wondered at that she had not enough to eat, considering what sort of a man her father was—how often he was out of work, and how, when he had work, the greater part of his wages went for strong drink. But, hungry as she was, it was with difficulty that Peggy could get her sometimes to take a share of our supper; though, when she had broken through this ice of diffidence, her bright, sparkling eyes told how grateful she was.

But, wretchedly poor as she and her father were, and much as she had to endure, Fanny was evidently a different sort of being from the rest of the children in Whiskers' Rents, including myself, of course; so different that she soon became known as "a speckled bird;" and as she avoided general companionship with the young Whiskers' Renters, she was marked out for general persecution. On one occasion, when she was returning from the chandlery shop which supplied Whiskers' Rents with the greater part of its provisions, she was assaulted by a young savage, who, after tripping her up on the pavement, began coolly to ransack the little basket she carried in her hand, and would have made off with the spoil, if I had not happened to be playing close by, and marching up to the assailant, requested him to let the girl alone.

Of course we fought about it; but by this time I was pretty well used to fighting; and while the combat was going on, Fanny escaped her persecutor. From this time I regarded myself as her champion.

Notwithstanding her hard lot, however, Fanny was, as I just now wrote, a cheerful child. I often heard her singing when she was alone; and though I could not hear the words she sang, her musical voice sounded wonderfully pleasant to my ears. It was strange that she had the heart to sing, considering how much she had to endure from her drunken father; but singing seemed to be a relief to her, and cheerfulness her natural element. One day Mrs. Magrath heard her.

"That's a mighty purty song ye were singing to-day, Fanny," said she, when the tailor's daughter came in to sit by our fire in the evening.

Fanny blushed: I thought I had never seen her look so pleasing and engaging before. "I didn't know you could hear me," she said.

"Well, child, an' it was no harm," said Peggy; "an' maybe ye'll sing the same song agen, just to plaze me."

"O no, I couldn't, really," said Fanny, quite frightened; "I can't sing at all if anybody is listening, I am sure: but—but," she added, hesitating, "I will tell you what I was singing about, if you please, Mrs. Magrath:" and, without waiting Peggy's formal consent, she whispered first, but gained courage as she went on, the following song:—

"The Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?"

"He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

"If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

"While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My SIBLING'S with me there."

"Hear to that, ye little limb," said Peggy, addressing herself to me, when Fanny had finished her recitation: "an' ye to come bringing home the bad songs ye're picking up, of Sloppy Stevens, an' such like—bad loock to 'em! Ye'd be long till ye larnt purty words like them."

"I know 'When Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,'" said I, laughing.

"An' that's a purty song too," said Mrs. Magrath, "but not aqual to Fanny's, any way. An' ye'll know more such, darling, I warrant: 'this to Fanny."

Yes, she did know more besides that, Fanny acknowledged, still blushing.

"An' is it yer father that taches ye them?" inquired Peggy.

The blush was gone, and Fanny's lips quivered, while tears came to her bright eyes. She shook her head mournfully.

"I might have been sure of that—that it wasn't him; bad loock to my tongue," said Peggy.

"I learn them at the Sunday School," rejoined Fanny, hastily.

I had never heard of a Sunday School, nor had Peggy Magrath. Sunday Schools were not a quarter of a century old at that time: they were few in number, and weak and imperfect in material; and the fame of them had not penetrated to Whiskers' Rents. So Fanny was set the task of describing a Sunday School, in reply to the inquiry: "An' what like is that, darling?"

The Sunday School to which Fanny went was connected with a place of worship a mile or more from Whiskers' Rents. She had gone to it before her mother died, and when her father lived nearer to it than now. One of her mother's last prayers to her drunken husband was, that he would not hinder Fanny from going to the Sunday School after her own death. He gave the promise, and had hitherto kept it.

"An' ye larn a power of things there, it's likely," said Peggy, when Fanny had come to the end of her explanation.

Yes; she learned to read, and learned hymns, she said.

"I want to learn to read," I said; "but they won't have me, I reckon."

Fanny thought they would; was almost sure they would—if—if—I went clean.

I need not repeat any more of the conversation. It was agreed that, on the next Sunday, I should go with Fanny to the Sunday School, to see how I liked it.

And now my Sunday suit would be of some use.

THE MOTHER OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

ONE of the most interesting curiosities in the palace of the Czar at St. Petersburg is a *boat*, with its complement of sails, etc. This boat, which is known to have given Peter the Great the first thought of building a Russian fleet, has its history recorded in a manuscript preserved in the

British Museum, which must have been written more than a century ago, since it is found in Sir Hans Sloane's collection of manuscripts, which was transferred to the trustees of the Museum, in or soon after 1753. No one seems to have been aware of the existence of this curious tract until it was recently read by the late Sir Henry Ellis before the Archaeological Society. The name and position of the author are unknown, but he evidently was in the service of the Czar.

The story of the boat, as we gather from the manuscript, is to this effect:—Peter, while yet a youth, was strolling in the flax-yard at Jomaclost, an old seat of his family near Moscow, and, passing by the magazines, where some remains of the household of his great uncle, Niketa Ivanovitch Romanoff, were deposited, he beheld amongst other things a small foreign vessel. His curiosity not suffering him to pass it by without inquiry, he asked Francis Timerman, his tutor in geometry and fortification, who accompanied him, what kind of a vessel it was. Timerman fortunately was enabled to give him the required information, and told him that it was an English boat. The royal pupil then demanded when they made use of it, and received for answer that it was used by ships to bring and carry goods. Peter next asked in what it was preferable to the Russian vessels; for he observed that it was built in a fashion better and stronger than theirs. Timerman said that it was intended to be propelled by a sail, with the wind, or against it. This information so greatly puzzled the young monarch, that he requested to know if there was a man in Russia who could refit the vessel, and show him how it went.

Timerman introduced to the Czar one Carstens Brand, who several years before had been sent for by Peter's father from Holland, to assist in building ships in the Caspian Sea. Czar Alexie, the late emperor, had only had an opportunity of building one small ship and one galliot on the river Wolga; for his design of building a fleet was frustrated at Astracan by a desperate quarrel amongst the Dutch workmen, who had built and had the care of these vessels. The captain being killed in the affray, some of the men fled to Persia, and thence to India; and only two of the whole company—a surgeon and a carpenter—returned to Moscow to relate the misadventure. The carpenter was Carstens Brand, who, despairing of employment in his own way, had hitherto gained a somewhat precarious subsistence by doing joiner's work. Now, however, being called to labour at his first trade, he joyfully repaired the boat, and made a mast and four sails for it. When completed, he sailed the boat up and down the Yause—a small river that runs by the suburbs of Moscow—in the sight of the Czar, who could scarcely contain his gratification within reasonable bounds.

Soon Peter became weary of merely seeing the sailing of the boat—he coveted himself to go in her, and take the management of her; and, observing that the boat did not always answer her helm, but often struck against the river's banks, he asked Carstens the reason of it. He was told that it was in consequence of the narrowness of the river. With a man of the Czar's indomitable energy, this was soon remedied; for the boat was removed to the Lake of Pereslave. On

the shores of this extensive piece of water Carstens built two small frigates and three yachts; and in one or other of these vessels Peter frequently made trips.

Having thus, in 1694, commenced a petty navy, the Czar visited Archangel; and from thence, in his own yacht, called the "St. Peter," he sailed to Ponoia, in company with some English and Dutch merchant-ships, under convoy of a Dutch man-of-war. His majesty was so much delighted with this voyage, that he did not stop here, but bent his thoughts upon building a whole fleet. The spot chosen for this purpose was the city of Veronez, on a river of the same name. Masters were procured from Holland; and, in 1698, a new work was commenced in Russia—the building of large ships. In order to make it lasting, the Czar contrived to bring the art itself into his own kingdom. To that end he commanded great numbers of his nobility and gentry to proceed to Holland and other kingdoms to learn ship-building and navigation. He also made a tour to Holland himself; and at Amsterdam, in the wood-yard, called the Ostend Wharf, he wrought with other volunteers in the ships, and in a little time made such proficiency as to rank as a good carpenter—that is, for a monarch. He was afterwards instructed in the proportions of a ship by John Pool, the master of the yard.

One day Peter, happening to be at the house of a merchant named John Teesing, heard one of his host's friends declare that in England the art of ship-building was carried to greater perfection than in Holland. He therefore at once determined to visit this country.

He came; and we glean from other sources how he spent the four months he was here. During the greater part of that time he resided at Deptford, in the house of Evelyn—a door-way being made through the boundary-wall of the dockyard to afford a direct communication between it and the dwelling-house. We have but slender evidence that Peter worked in England as a shipwright; it would seem that he was employed rather in acquiring information on matters connected with naval architecture. He was also almost daily on the Thames with Sir Anthony Deane, the Commissioner of the Navy and Surveyor, and the Marquis of Carmarthen, sometimes in a sailing-yacht and at other times rowing in boats. The grand result of his visit to this country may be summed up in the words of Baron Huyssen, who, in his history of Peter's life, tells us that the Czar "perceived the method and manner of building ships in England to be more regular and much better than that in Holland; and was often heard to say that had he never gone to England, he had still remained ignorant of the art."

When he returned to his own country, he was accompanied by two master ship-builders—John Dean and Joseph Noy. These men were established at Veronez; but before the lapse of a long period the former desired a discharge (which was granted), without giving any proof of his talent. The Czar himself and Joseph Noy now received orders from the Lord High Admiral, Theodore Golovin, to superintend, each of them, the building of a man-of-war. Peter, having taken upon himself the title of a master shipbuilder, volun-

tarily subjected himself to the conditions of that character, and, in compliance with the order received, gave the first proof of his skill in the art of marine architecture. He ever afterwards continued to bear the title, and had at all times, notwithstanding his weighty engagements in the civil and military affairs of his kingdom, one ship upon the stocks; and at his death left one vessel half built, being one of the largest then in Europe—180 feet long upon the deck, 51 feet broad, 21 feet deep, and mounting 110 guns. He himself had drawn the plan of this ship at Riga.

Czar Peter, in order to show the estimation in which he held the little boat which had suggested to him the idea of constructing a fleet of Russian ships, ordered it to be brought from Moscow to St. Petersburg. There it was repaired and beautified, to make its last and most glorious appearance, in 1723. In the month of June in that year, Peter sailed to Revel with his fleet, and returned to Cronstadt in the beginning of August, when about two hundred yachts and bayers, together with one galliot, were ordered to meet him and attend on his famous little boat.

After this fleet had arrived within half a league of the place with their charge, they had orders to cast anchor till nine flags, in so many pinnaces, came up to pay their respects to the "mother of the Russian fleet." On the return of these, the yachts and other vessels weighed anchor, and went into the haven, except the galliot which bore the little boat: that lay off at sea till the day of the grand fête. On the 12th of August, the Czar again paid her a visit, launched her, and graced her with his imperial standard, he himself steering on the occasion, while several admirals and the Surveyor of the Navy rowed. At the launching of the little boat, the Great Admiral-General fired seven guns, as a signal to the whole fleet, consisting of twenty-two men-of-war of the line, to fire at once. Then as the little boat, with its royal and noble crew, passed each ship, it was saluted by all its guns. After she had made the round of the fleet, and had been rowed into the haven, "the dutiful children paid the last compliment to their mother" by one general salute of all their ordnance. A few days subsequently to this display, the boat was brought back to St. Petersburg and laid up in the palace, where it now is.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

THERE are on the dry land of our globe more than two hundred volcanoes, while many others pour forth their lava streams under the waves of the sea. No one has hitherto satisfactorily explained how their hidden flames are ignited; but the manner in which lava, red-hot rocks, and clouds of vapour, are ejected from below, may be understood by a simple illustration.

If a common tea-kettle is nearly filled with water and put upon a brisk fire, after the lid has been firmly fastened down, the steam formed by the boiling water cannot escape, and its force increases until it presses the water through the spout of the kettle. If this spout were to be lengthened upwards to a height of seven or eight feet, the water would still be forced up, until the lower part of the tube, being free from water,



THE CRATER OF MOUNT HENNA.

would allow the steam to rush through it in fitful jets, spurting up the water with irregular bursts of vapour. When most of the confined steam has thus escaped, the column of water will rush back again to the kettle from the spout, and a period of quietness will ensue until the steam inside again accumulates, and the process is repeated.

Now, in place of a kettle and a long upright tube, we may suppose a huge cavern, many miles deep in the earth, and the intense heat melting the rocks will cause a vast caldron of liquid lava to generate gas, steam, and vapour, which will seek for a vent, until at last they either force a new way through the rocks above, or rush along some cavern or opening to the surface. So long as the lower end of this vent is above the melted lava, the gas and smoke will rush out alone; and this is the state in which volcanoes are found in general when at rest. But when masses of rock have fallen down into the great caldron, so as to fill it beyond the level of the lower end of the vent, the smoke will cease to escape. Water rushing in upon the heated stone, from wells, springs, or the sea, will be soon converted into steam; and the whole being confined, there will be explosions and earthquakes, soon to be followed by an eruption on the surface. These phenomena are, in fact, always observed before a great volcano becomes active. The smoke almost ceases, the wells in the adjoining country suddenly sink, and at length, after loud noises and startling shocks, the liquid contents of the interior are forced by the presence of the steam to ascend the vent. Immediately dense black smoke pours out above, for the heated column of lava burns the rocks as it slowly mounts to the air. When it reaches the top of the vent, the liquid mass fills the crater or bowl at the surface, and, bearing down the sides with its weight, the torrent of red-hot lava rushes in a glittering stream down upon the plain below.

Etna seems to have raged thus at intervals ever since the days of the flood. Whole provinces around it are covered with lava, evidently some thousands of years old; and one can trace the eruptions of later times, which have spread over many miles of country the grey, black, and red lava that has entombed nearly 100 towns and villages, and at the same time, hurried not fewer than 90,000 human beings into the presence of their Maker and Judge.

In travelling across Sicily to reach Mount Etna, we passed a wet mud volcano. Strange to say, the appearance of this was more suggestive of dreadful desolation than even the crater of one that hurls forth ignited rocks. There is something novel in an ocean of black slimy mud, so impossible to resist, and yet so ignoble-looking, as it lazily flowed along! In the diligence, we were forced to travel for two nights and three days without any stoppage, our companions being two clever young Dutchmen, who kept up a continuous rattle of conversation, and were exceedingly interested in an account of the London ragged schools.

At the end of our journey was Catania, where robbers abound and rebels flourish, and the police are either bribed into quietness or quickly overpowered "if they become troublesome." But no

wonder that the people hate the government of Naples, and keep no faith with rulers who have so repeatedly broken faith with them. A few years ago a robber chief with his band scoured the neighbouring country, pillaged the towns, and always found a safe retreat in the dark caverns of the volcano. A squadron of troops was sent against him, but they all went over to the banditti, who now numbered 300 men. Against these a whole regiment was sent from Naples, but they were routed at the first onslaught. The governor then proclaimed peace with the robbers, and a free pardon if they would lay down their arms. So they accepted the conditions, marched into a square inclosure, gave up their weapons, and then were fired upon by the soldiery until every man was killed. We saw the walls of the square pierced in a hundred places by the bullets used in this horrible massacre.

After three days of weary confinement in the diligence, we were scarcely in a fit condition to go up Mount Etna; but time pressed (Englishmen seem always pressed for time), and we had no alternative but to proceed, or lose the opportunity we had long coveted. Being refreshed by an hour's rest, we strapped on a light knapsack, and set off with a little boy to guide us to Nicolosi, a village at the foot of the mountain. The road was an easy ascent, through vineyards and fig-groves; but as the boy could not walk fast enough for us, we sent him back and went on alone. Very soon there came on a heavy storm of hail and rain, with tremendous peals of thunder and flashes of forked lightning. This detained us for several hours in a cave until night approached, and it was a matter of some difficulty to find the way in the pitchy darkness.

At Nicolosi we put up at a small house, and, having supped on macaroni, lay down to sleep until the guide should call us at three o'clock next morning, when we were to begin the ascent. The sky was still studded with brilliant stars when the hour for starting arrived. We left the little village accompanied by two strong men, with mules to carry provisions and a supply of warm clothes for the higher altitudes we should have to climb.

The base of Etna is sixty miles in circumference, while long "spurs" from the mountain stretch in hills and knolls far into the country on every side, and down to the sea-shore on the south. Winding over and amongst these, the path took us through an endless pile of lava blocks, which in the faint starlight looked like a rocky ocean of overthrown walls. Belts of vegetation marked the height as we ascended; the palm tree, the fig, the vine, the orange, the olive, the quince, the oak, the pine, the thorn shrub, and then short grass, were passed in succession, until at length all verdure ceased, and the only thing visible was round gravel, rock, and lava. Monte Rosso, or the "Red Mountain," loomed over us for a long time, and was often mistaken for the crater of Etna, from the deceptive shadow in so dark a night. Monte Rosso was itself a volcano; but long ago it yielded all its functions in that line to its grander neighbour, whose sharp-pointed peak was hidden aloft in the dull white cloud emitted from its own bosom.

In the daylight we came to a deep chasm, where

a few men were collecting snow by cutting it out with pickaxes, thence to be carried on donkeys' panniers to the port of Catania. This is the snow, thus singularly brought from the sides of a burning mountain, which supplies nearly every town in the Mediterranean with the pleasant beverage of iced water and the luxury of ice cream.

At the last shrub growing in the lava we cooked our breakfast, and the guides entered freely into conversation—far too freely indeed for those who do not know their strange jumbled sounds, the *patois* tongue, called "Sicilian Italian." However, the men protested vehemently that a republic was the only single thing wanted to make Sicily perfectly happy. Not that they knew what a "republic" meant, any more than the Irish crowd knew what they meant by "repeal," when a friend of ours saw them rushing down to a steamer as it neared the quay at Dublin, the poor creatures expecting to see "repeal coming in a box from England."

Soon we came to a small stone house, the Casa Inglesi, built some fifty years ago by British officers, for the survey of Sicily during the last war but one. The doors and windows of this house are securely barred, and it seems to have been totally disused for a long time; but, of course, it is far beyond the height where any one could think of becoming a tenant. However, the guides were charmed to find that we actually were acquainted with one of the officers who had built this cottage, and one of them said, "Hasn't there been a great war in England?"

"No," we replied, "but near Turkey."

"Ah!" said he; "and did the English beat the Turks?"

"No, no, quite another story."

"Then did the Turks beat the English?"

Poor fellow, his knowledge was behind his inquisitiveness; but Naples is a bad schoolmaster and a worse historian.

Every effort seems to be used to keep Englishmen from Sicily, where they are so much liked, and where they could do so much good to the people. In our case, the police detained us five hours in a waiting-room, higgling about our passports, and they let us have them at last only because they were sure we should be too late for the steamer sailing for Sicily. But the steamer was six hours behind time in sailing, so they had miscalculated the egregious unpunctuality of their boat. Then, in Syracuse, an English yacht suddenly arrived from Malta, but nobody was allowed to come ashore from her, lest the delicate, sensitive minds of the population might be unduly excited. Every letter arriving in this town is opened at the post-office; and if there be found in it a scrap of news, the letter is kept for a week or two before it is delivered. The gates are closed at eight o'clock, and people who arrive after that time are forced to sleep under the walls outside. Nobody may speak to a shopkeeper on any subject but his wares, unless a policeman is present; but on Sunday all the inhabitants have fêtes and galas; archbishops march with crosses through the streets, and cardinals have processions in boats, until the dusky hours of evening, when the sacred Sabbath is desecrated by the beating of drums, the noise of the theatre, and the din of weekly revelries.

Leaving our mules and one man at the Casa Inglesi, the other guide quickly led us to the foot of the great cone of Etna. Rough, broken billows of lava are heaped around this mighty peak in wildest confusion, and the jagged points render it a very unstable sort of causeway. The guide anxiously desired we should go no farther than the base of the cone, and he summoned up all kinds of impossible difficulties to deter further progress; but, of course, this was in vain.* After a short halt, therefore, for refreshment, we braced ourselves up to the arduous work of climbing the cone; and truly it was very tiresome, though the keen air, fresh from the hills of Calabria and the blue waters of the Adriatic, very much lessened the lassitude which the hot sun above would have caused if the atmosphere had been calm. The sides of the cone were very steep indeed. At every step the feet sunk deep into the fine black dust, and often beyond this into holes full of beautiful sulphur, spangled with crystals, red, blue, green, and white, emitting hot vapours. Our shoes, as may be supposed, were speedily so scorched that the leather cracked, and the nails, being heated, burned our feet even through our thick woollen stockings. The stick we used was blackened with the heat, and it was impossible to rest for a moment for fear of having our feet actually burned as we stood.

The guide now became nervously eloquent as to the danger of any further ascent, insisting that it never had been so hot before, and that the mountain was probably about to awaken in earnest. In this last conjecture the man was correct, for the very next day Etna, although it was covered with snow, began to send forth the warning clouds of black dense vapour that always indicate active operations inside.

The wind blew with exceeding violence for an hour during our ascent. Gusts of white sulphureous vapour now and then wheeled about, and made us cough, and sneeze, and close our eyes. If any one of these gusts had been prolonged for a few minutes, it would have been impossible to escape suffocation; for, to breathe this air was to inhale the pungent fumes of hot brimstone. Onwards and upwards we went, zigzagging, zigzagging, backwards and forwards, gaining at each turn a very little, so that we seemed never likely to attain the summit.

The guide now fairly gave in, and we went before him as he laid himself down on a heap of blue ashes, covering his head with an ample Venetian "grecot." At length we reached the margin of the crater. The edge was about an inch in width, and so very friable that one could only plant a knee against it, and gaze over into the wondrous abyss below. This edge of the cone is probably never two days the same, and it is also of a different character in different volcanoes; for we had found the margin of the crater in Vesuvius hard and broad, wide enough, indeed, for a cart to drive

* If to some timid readers such an excursion should seem to savour of rashness, and to border upon exposure to danger without a due cause, it ought in fairness to be remembered, on the other hand, that to men with steady nerves the danger does not in reality exist, and that a discretion in these matters must be allowed to those who, by their enterprise, enlarge the circle of knowledge for fireside travellers like ourselves.—Ed.

round it. The difficulty of seeing anything whatever on the top of Etna was perplexing at first. A brilliant sun gleamed above, and heated the head most unpleasantly. The excitement of the occasion, and the rarefied air at this height of ten thousand feet above the sea, made our pulse leap with a painful throb. The intensely cold blast roared as it whirled about in eddies full of hot scorix and white fumes of sulphur. Stones, smoking on one side, were dropping with icicles on the other; and the tears welling from our eyes were congealed on our cheeks, and hung in drops of ice from our eyelashes!

But we were repaid for these inconveniences by the glorious scene outstretched at our feet. Sicily, the ancient three-cornered Trinacria, was spread like a map on the azure sea, that fringed it with a beautiful girdle of foam. Away in the distance was Stromboli, the brother volcano of Etna, whose unrest never yet has been quieted. Eastwards the rocks of Scylla and Charybdis called up the memorials of a thousand shipwrecks. Behind them rose the Calabrian hills, and on the other side was little Malta, a speck, as it were, a hundred miles away, but telling us even there of the world-wide sway of dear old England. All this in the distance; but how can we picture the scene below in the crater of Etna?

The edge of this basin is two miles round, like a lake of pure white smoke, ever and anon boiling over its shores, and tumbling cascades of vapour down the dismal steep. Sometimes the wind urged the vapour for some seconds directly against our side of the crater, and then we could only cover our faces and hold our breath. Again the blast would veer about and open the cloud athwart, rifting it to the lowest bottom of this awful pit, and then the view was clear right down into that deep, deep darkness: oh, how deep and dark! The sight was indeed awfully suggestive of the power and the majesty of the Creator, and gave a painful illustration of that passage in the word of God which speaks of the blackness of darkness for ever as the lot of the impenitent.

You cannot see into Vesuvius as into Etna, for there the hole in the crater leading into the recesses of the earth is in the middle of its cone, so that, of course, you cannot look straight down as you stand upon the margin. The only way to look into the central aperture of Vesuvius would be to gaze from a balloon floating over the middle of the crater. But in Etna the central opening is inclined at an angle with the horizon; and as we happened to reach a point on the margin exactly opposite this hole, we could see directly into the black abysses, whenever the cloud of vapour waved towards either side.

Perhaps there is no sight in the world more grand and awful than this view of the crater of Mount Etna. It was far superior in sublimity and suggestive impression to the view from the summit of Mount Blanc, which we had seen a few weeks before. The conjunction of a sunny sky above a blue island-studded sea around, with this foreground veil of vapour, and the yawning black pit beneath us, thrilled all the senses with powerful impressions, each vividly stamped for a moment, and then instantly changed; while the imagination revelled again in its own pic-

tures, when all about us was wrapped in sable shade.

In descending the mountain, we searched with great diligence for a curious hole, which is said to reach to an unknown depth into the earth. The guides insisted that no such thing was in their programme, and resolutely declined to allow any digression to look for it. Wandering about, then, for some miles alone, we at length hit upon the very place. The opening was not more than a foot in width; but the mysterious black, well-like rent in the lava could not be mistaken, and was worth the trouble of the search.

We arrived at Nicolosi in the dark, and, after another priming of maccaroni, we felt so much invigorated, that to resolve upon finishing the proceeding by a two hours' walk at night to Catania was the work of a moment. All the neighbours pronounced this to be impossible, certain robbery, and everything difficult and bad. But then we had nothing to lose, having wisely left watch and purse, etc., at Catania; so off again we started, carrying a knapsack full of blocks of lava as memorials of our visit. After a smart run down the hill, and a careful picking of our way through a wood, we reached the road, and in an hour or so came to a toll. The keeper, who was in bed, challenged our approach; but he delayed so long to come out, that we could not wait, and pushed on again at the best speed. We paid a penalty, however, for having thus taken matters into our own hands. The man was not accustomed to let travellers pass in the summary way we had done, and no long time had elapsed before he got three armed men on horseback, who galloped in pursuit, shouting loudly for us to stop. Possessing slender means of explaining ourselves in an intelligible tongue to them, we quietly, as the horses neared us, withdrew under the cover of a rock until they had passed, and we finally reached Catania wrapped in its midnight slumbers. A long time was spent, in a pouring rain, in fruitless endeavours to find the inn, of which we had forgotten both the name and position; but a good night's rest made up for four nights' want of sleep and our fifteen hours of walking. Next day, too, we listened with a placid smile to a wonderful tale of the horsemen who had so gallantly chased a bandit on the road from Mount Etna.

MY FIRST BABY.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

EVERYBODY supposes that there are two sorts of old maids in the world—the bad and the good. With one of the latter kind I have recently become acquainted. Though she is my husband's aunt, I had not seen much of her during the first year of my married life; nevertheless, I had heard of her frequently as travelling about among Henry's eight married brothers and sisters—being sent for in accidents before the doctor, engaged at the same time as the monthly nurse, and retained specially when measles or whooping-cough appeared in a large nursery; so that her presence in a particular locality might indicate to observing registrars that some epidemic was prevailing there.

My troubles began on the day when the sur-

geon told me that Johnson must be sent home immediately, and that she must never take a nurse's place again. The greengrocer's daughter, promoted to be nursemaid while Johnson was invalided, and who said she had been always used to children, had contrived to run a pin into the baby twice while dressing him—an operation which it struck me she had never previously performed.

When Henry was going into the City, he met Aunt Margaret and told her of my difficulties, and in the course of the morning a neat little carriage stopped at our door. I was half crying when she came; for the baby would not lie in his cot, which in itself I should not have minded, but when he was up, he smiled with his mouth on one side, and turned up the whites of his eyes as if he were going to have a fit.

Aunt Margaret walked straight up to the nursery, and I expected was going to give me a little good advice, and prepared myself accordingly; but she took the baby in her arms, and, strange to say, he fell asleep directly; then she called the greengrocer's daughter, and desired her to sit by him and to summon us if he waked. On returning to me, she said she was sure I had not been out that day, and she intimated her wish to see the garden, to walk round the field, and to look at the new cow. So we went out, and so interested did I become in her, that I really forgot my troubles till we went up-stairs again, and remembered that the baby would require undressing, and that the night was coming, which would be twenty times worse than the day.

Aunt Margaret asked me if I was looking out for a nurse, and I assured her that I was; that I had searched the "Times," where there seemed to be such a number of invaluable nurses, that I did not know which to choose. All had good characters, all could take charge of a nursery, all could bring up a baby by hand. It seemed only a question whether one should write to "A. B." or to "X. Y. Z."

Aunt Margaret hesitated a little, and then said, "There is a person whom I should much like to recommend as head nurse to your child, though she has not all the requisites."

"Pray tell me her deficiencies first, and then her good points," I replied.

"Well, then, her great deficiency is want of experience; but she will have great opportunities of correcting this. She is active and intelligent, and will take the warmest interest in your child; she will never grudge any fatigue that may conduce to its welfare, and she may be implicitly relied on for attention to it at all times; and then, there is the crowning advantage that she will never leave you."

"Oh! Aunt Margaret, I should not like that at all; suppose I took a dislike to her——"

"My dear Mrs. Henry, that will never happen, for I mean *yourself*. Why do not you decide to take the chief charge of your child yourself? I do not mean that you should take the manual labour of carrying it about or feeding it or even dressing it. An ordinary nursemaid will soon do that more dexterously than you could; for the knack of handling a child comes by practice; but keep the management of your nursery in your own hands. Decide for yourself about its food,

its clothes, and its medicine. There are half a score books on this subject, written by medical men, and containing their condensed experience on these points; and these are far more to be relied on than the opinions of an uneducated woman, even if she have brought up twenty babies. Till you have acquired some experience, send for your medical man when you see, or fancy you see, indisposition. He will tell you the cause of the symptoms, with the proper treatment to be adopted, and in many cases will give you the equally valuable advice to let well alone. I am always sorry when I see a young mother giving herself up to a "treasure of a nurse." Very often she is not the treasure she is supposed to be; but if she be, she will not always remain, even if you be the most obedient of mistresses. This is no exaggeration or fanciful representation; there are mothers who, for the good of their babies, as they suppose, are completely under their nurse's directions. But even if, as I say, you give her no possible reason to complain of you, she may become ill, or marry, or leave, from one among a variety of causes; and then the mother is as much at a loss as on the first day when her monthly nurse left her.

"You will still, however," continued Aunt Margaret, "under any circumstances, require a nursemaid; and she, you must remember, should be treated differently from the other servants: from them you may require implicit obedience to your orders; for instance, a cook is not to be judge whether you have ordered a proper dinner or not; but a nurse must be encouraged to exercise discrimination as to obeying a positive order; and if, in disobeying it, she appears to have acted from a good motive, and according to her best judgment, she must not be sternly reproved, even if you may not coincide with her views. I heard of a child lately, who, in an incipient state of measles, was ruthlessly plunged into a cold bath, because the nursemaid said her mistress made such a noise about it, if she found the children had warm water. The attention of ordinary servants requires to be awakened and directed to objects which are perfectly familiar to ourselves.

"Just to give you an instance in illustration of my meaning: You know how essential fresh air is to a child; but, on the other hand, to expose a delicate infant to a cold east wind is to risk its life. Now, there is not one cottage-bred woman in a hundred who knows anything about an east wind; that is an unpleasant consciousness which comes to us from our luxurious mode of living. So, some day, when you have ascertained for yourself what the weather is, ask your nurse to go out and see if it is warm enough for the child to be exposed. Under the slight feeling of responsibility, she will consider the weather under a new point of view. Many similar cases will occur to you.

"I do not ask you to keep a nurse who is either untrustworthy or ill-tempered; but if her faults are only those of deficiency and ignorance, you must have patience, and train her with almost as much watchfulness and gentleness as you do your child. Another advantage will be, that, being trained by you, she will look up to you and obey you, and you will escape the discomfort of a conceited servant ever slyly endeavouring to prove

herself in the right and her mistress in the wrong."

I have become an experienced mother since then; but Aunt Margaret's advice has always struck me as being so valuable, that I preserve it here for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.—WALLENSTEIN.

CHAPTER II.

THE spectacle of Wallenstein in his retirement is one worth contemplating, and is certainly unique of its kind. If the world looked upon him as a disgraced man, he, blinded by his own pride and arrogance, entertained a far different opinion of himself. His palace at Prague, where he chiefly resided, had six grand entrances, and he pulled down a hundred houses for the purpose of enlarging it and isolating his dwelling-place from the approach of noise and tumult. His household consisted of nearly a thousand persons. He was waited on by twenty-five chamberlains and by sixty pages of honour, in sky-blue velvet. He never had less than a hundred dishes served at his table, and he had upwards of a thousand saddle and carriage-horses, which fed in his stables out of marble mangers. When travelling, he was never accompanied by fewer than fifty carriages, drawn by six horses each, and as many drawn by four. In a lofty banqueting-hall of his palace, he was depicted in a triumphal car, drawn by the four horses of the sun, with a star over his laurel-crowned head. His yearly revenue was estimated at six hundred thousand pounds of our money, and he coined ducats with the legend of his name, as Duke of Mecklenburg. He called diviners and astrologers to his aid, and made a friend and confidant of the star-gazer Seni. His munificence was as lavish as his pomp was splendid and luxurious. He rewarded the most trifling services with a rich donation, never bestowing, even on the common soldier, less than a hundred crowns. But his severity equalled his lavish profusion. He detested noise, and avenged its infliction, actually causing an officer to be put to death for disturbing him by the jingling of his spurs, and hanging a valet for awakening him on one occasion by his heavy tread and heedless movements. He passed much of his time in solitude, writing the records of his life, maintaining a large correspondence, and doubtless consulting the stars by the aid of the astrologer. Thus do the extremes of majesty and meanness, of pride and prostration, meet in the same child of the dust.

It was at this time, according to his enemies, that he began to mature his treasonable designs against the Emperor; and they even accuse him of corresponding with the King of Sweden to draw that monarch into his plan. Schiller, in his "History of the Thirty Years' War," takes the treason of Wallenstein as an assured fact; but he adduces no proof of it, beyond his correspondence with Gustavus—a matter innocent enough in itself, and not at all extraordinary at that time of day, when much of the romantic etiquette of medieval chivalry still survived. It is known also that Wallenstein at this time tried negotiations both with the Romanist and Protestant princes—a fact sufficiently suspicious, but which also may be explained

away, and is explained away, by his friendly biographers, on the ground that in so doing he only sought to set them all together by the ears, in order to make them obnoxious to the Emperor, for whom it is well known he had intrigued at Lubeck, when peace was concluded with the King of Denmark, for the sovereignty of the whole of Germany. What may be regarded as certain is, that no documentary evidence exists of treason on the part of Wallenstein during his retirement. That he meditated vengeance upon those who had counselled his dismissal and disgrace, there can be no question; and in stern still wrath the fallen potentate bided his time.

Tilly was now named Generalissimo of the Emperor and the League, the united forces forming an army of eighty thousand men. In the mean time Gustavus Adolphus, in answer to the Protestant cry for help, had disembarked in Germany, and was hailed everywhere as a liberator. He brought with him only fifteen thousand Swedes, yet in a few months after his landing his army equalled that of the Emperor. Germany, accustomed to the terrible licence of the troops of the League, saw with amazement an army so vast in numbers, and composed of such heterogeneous elements, asking only for lodging, scrupulously respecting property, protecting the service of religion and education, defending agriculture, maintaining as far as possible peace amid the horrors of war, and triumphing over those who had reigned by terror and devastation: so true is it that order is one of the first elements of power.

A few months entirely changed the face of affairs. Tilly, who had besieged Magdeburg, and after firing the city had put the wretched inhabitants to the sword with unheard-of barbarity, was overtaken at Leipzig by the victorious Swedes under Gustavus, and on that field suffered the most signal defeat which has been witnessed in modern times. His whole army was either routed or cut to pieces: seven thousand of his troops were left dead on the field of battle; a proportionate number of wounded crowded the houses and hospitals; and five thousand prisoners were taken, most of whom joined the forces of the victor. Of the whole army of eighty thousand men, which on that 7th of September, 1631, marched against the King of Sweden, not two thousand could be mustered when its miserable wrecks recovered from their panic; and the whole of the imperial artillery and camp had fallen into the hands of the foe. Tilly, wounded and crestfallen, could only retreat as Gustavus advanced; the Protestants obtained the ascendancy at all points; the Roman Catholic princes were all subdued or ready to submit; alarm reigned in Vienna, whither the Swede was hastening; and Wallenstein's hour of vengeance had come.

What could Ferdinand do in this terrible conjuncture? He knew but of one human arm which was likely to arrest the torrent of destruction—it was that of Wallenstein. But how could a sovereign, who had disgraced his benefactor at the suggestion of envious rivals, stoop to implore assistance from a justly irritated subject? There is no time, however, for debating so odious a question. Gustavus is already on the banks of the Rhine and marching towards Suabia. All

considerations of imperial pride must therefore give way before the general safety, and Ferdinand must humiliate himself before his disgraced general. The humiliation is resolved on, and deputies are despatched in haste with propositions to Wallenstein. He, on his part, is in no haste at all to entertain them, but repulses the deputation with scorn. He declares haughtily that he has no predilection for the task of repairing other men's blunders. To a second appeal, he retorts that there is not, and cannot be, a good understanding between himself and the allies of the Emperor. To a third, he pleads his love of retirement, his disinclination to engage again in the fatigues and toils of war, and the necessity of repose for his health's sake. The Emperor perseveres, and insists—what else can he do? But it is not until Wallenstein has made him drink the cup of mortification to the dregs, that he engages to levy, by the month of March, a new army for the imperial service—though even then he refuses to be placed in its command.

The magic of Wallenstein's name has all its former efficacy, and repeats the prodigy it had effected six years before. By the time he had stipulated for, Silesia, Bohemia, and Moravia, had furnished him with eighty thousand men—a powerful army; but which, wanting a commander, was a body without a soul. The earnest solicitations of the Emperor, backed by the supplications of his friends, at length induced Wallenstein to accept the command; but he would only assume it on conditions so monstrous, that they are worthy of record, if only to show to what extent circumstances may enable a subject to dictate to his sovereign, as well as the gigantic arrogance of which the human mind is capable. These were the stipulations. He, Wallenstein, should be Generalissimo of Austria and Spain, and should alone dispose of all offices and employments; the Emperor should be bound not to appear at the army, and never to interfere in the command; Wallenstein should be guaranteed a hereditary principality in the states of Austria; he should govern exclusively in the countries occupied by the army; the product of all confiscations should belong to him; he should have the sole right of amnesty; at the peace his title of Duke of Mecklenberg should be recognised; all his expenses should be paid; and, finally, in case of reverse, he should be allowed to retire to his hereditary estates. Such were the astounding conditions agreed to.

Wallenstein's first endeavour, after accepting the command, was to detach Saxony from Sweden; but failing in his negotiations with that view, he had recourse to arms. He entered Bohemia, marched towards Prague, and took possession of that town, on the 5th of May, 1632, without firing a shot. He sought to cut off the retreat of the enemy, but the Saxon general, Arnheim, deceived him and escaped. Nevertheless, Wallenstein had obtained his principal object, and was master of Bohemia. Before this time, the veteran Tilly had been a second time defeated by Gustavus, and had retreated to Ingoldstadt, where he subsequently died of his wounds. In March, having repaired the disaster of Leipzig, he had reappeared in Franconia in considerable force. Gustavus had pursued and overtaken him on the

banks of the Lech, and by a decisive victory had terminated the career of the most relentless of the foes of the Protestant faith.

Gustavus, having crossed the Lech, was now marching a conqueror through Bavaria, so that Maximilian, who had opposed with all his influence the recall of Wallenstein, was now driven to implore his aid in defence of his own territories; but Wallenstein, deaf to the voice of the Elector, turned towards Nuremberg, in the hopes of drawing the King of Sweden to that point, and sheltering the hereditary estates of Austria. Gustavus accepted the implied challenge, and encamped in the vicinity of that city. Wallenstein had the advantage in numbers, but the king was in a position to draw reinforcements from Nuremberg. The two generals entrenched themselves. Notwithstanding that Gustavus was inferior in force, Wallenstein hesitated to expose the cause of the Emperor and his own reputation to the chance of a battle, and he hoped to subdue his adversary by famine. Moreover, he judged that to stop such a man in the career of his triumphs was in itself a victory, and that this circumstance alone would cool the zeal of the Allies, and restore to the arms of the League the superiority of which they had been deprived.

The imperial army and that of Gustavus watched each other for three months, during which no consideration would induce Wallenstein to accept the chances of a fight. In the partial skirmishes that took place, the Swedes nearly always had the advantage. At length a most frightful famine began to prevail, not only in the town, but in the Swedish camp. Goaded by apprehensions on this score, Gustavus at length, on the 24th of August, 1632, advanced with seventy thousand men, and commenced a general attack on the camp of the Imperialists. The battle raged with fury for ten hours; the carnage was hideous, and Wallenstein wrote to the Emperor that he had never witnessed anything so terrible. The Swedes, who made the most desperate attempts, were repulsed at all points; and the Duke Bernard de Weimar, who had won possession of a height which commanded the camp of Wallenstein, was compelled to retire from the impossibility of getting cannon to the summit, owing to the wetness of the soil. The loss of Gustavus in this affair is estimated at from three to four thousand men, to say nothing of ten thousand of the wretched inhabitants of Nuremberg, who were slain by the famine in the town. The Imperialists lost but one thousand men, and Wallenstein gained the renown of having arrested, if not vanquished, a leader who, up to that hour, had always triumphed without a check.

The King of Sweden remained a fortnight in presence of the Imperial army; at length, on the 9th of September, he struck his tents and defiled his troops before Wallenstein, who was not tempted to incommode him. Four days afterwards, Wallenstein also quitted his entrenchments, abandoning or burning a vast quantity of provisions and munitions of war. He signalized his departure by cruelly setting fire to several villages surrounding the town; and having reinforced his army, despatched General Gallas to Bohemia with ten thousand men. He then marched on Forchheim, relieved the country of Colmbach, Cobourg, and

Bayreuth; summoned the first of these cities to surrender, but in vain, it being garrisoned by Swedes; took the second, but was repulsed in an assault upon the citadel; then he turned towards Saxony, and rejoined Pappenheim on the Swale. Soon after he marched upon Leipzig; but having heard that Gustavus had arrived at Naumburg, and intrenched himself there, he deliberated whether he should attack him or not, and was deterred from doing so by his generals.

Wallenstein now took possession of Leipzig, as well as of the citadel and several smaller towns in the neighbourhood; and, resolving to establish his winter quarters in Saxony, he gave orders to Pappenheim to return again to Lower Saxony with his twelve thousand men. Gustavus, informed of this circumstance, abandoned his intention of rejoining the Saxon army, and marched upon Veissenfels, at the head of twenty thousand men, to attack Wallenstein. The latter, although his forces were somewhat inferior, awaited his coming, and shortly the two armies were in presence of each other. The battle of Lutzen, which soon followed, was fought on the 6th of November, 1632. After many vigorous assaults, the left wing of the Swedes was repulsed. Gustavus, however, at the head of his right, had routed the enemy, and the Imperialist left was in retreat; he was hastening to repair the disaster of his own left, when he received a mortal wound. The death of Gustavus spread dismay in the Swedish ranks, and the unexpected return of Pappenheim promised to secure their defeat; but their dismay gave place to a furious thirst for vengeance, and they continued the combat with a desperation that bore down all opposition. Pappenheim fell mortally wounded, to the discouragement of the Imperialists; and the talents of Bernard de Weimar, who now occupied the post of Gustavus, seconded by the irresistible fury of his troops, triumphed over the rage of Piccolomini and all the efforts of Wallenstein, who, suffering from the gout and wounded by a ball in the thigh, yet, borne about in a litter, traversed the field with the utmost activity. All, however, was in vain; the Imperial army fled in disorder, and the Swedes remained masters of the field. Wallenstein, enraged at this defeat, instituted a rigid inquiry into the conduct of his officers after the battle, and avenged himself for his disgrace by putting eighteen of them to death.

But the death of the King of Sweden was itself a great victory for Austria and the League; and all Germany now looked to see how Wallenstein would profit by the fall of his great foe and the consternation his loss had struck in the Protestant party. The general astonishment was extreme when, having reinforced his army, he marched into Silesia. The enemy overran the banks of the Rhine and Suabia, and menaced Bavaria. The Emperor besought him to succour the exposed territories; but Wallenstein remained doggedly inactive, and if the testimony of those unfriendly to him is to be relied on, commenced negotiations with Sweden, Saxony, and Brandenburg, for securing to himself the crown of Bohemia as the price of a peace; and offering, in case the Emperor should refuse his acquiescence, to march upon Vienna and compel consent at the sword's point. These charges have probably very little

truth in them: all that is certain about them is, that they were very unanimously made; but it should be borne in mind that Wallenstein's despotic haughtiness had created him a host of enemies among the German princes, who were continually looking for opportunities to destroy him, and were not idle in inventing them. His inaction when called upon to defend Bavaria is easily accounted for, by the resentment he felt against Maximilian as the most persevering and ungrateful of his personal enemies—a consideration which goes far towards solving the mystery of his conduct at this period.

After remaining idle some time, Wallenstein moved his army towards Lusace. The Saxon general, believing that Saxony was threatened, separated his force from the Swedes, and flew to the defence of his country. Wallenstein immediately retraced his steps, attacked the Swedes on a sudden near Steinau on the Oder, October, 1633, and forced the Count de Thurn to surrender at discretion with a body of six thousand men. He at once dismissed the Count about his business; and when the Court of Vienna expressed indignation at this release of their ancient enemy—"What would they have me do with such a fool as that?" he said, "he will be of more value to us in the Swedish camp than anywhere else." This signal success was followed by the capture of several towns in Silesia, and the taking of Landsberg—an exploit that threatened the integrity of Lower Saxony.

Meanwhile, Bernard de Wiemar, master of Ratisbon, pushed his victorious march beyond the Iser. Wallenstein was preparing at length to go to the aid of Bavaria, when Bernard, stopped by the ice of the Inn, returned to the upper Palatinate—a demonstration which altered Wallenstein's intention, who now re-entered Bohemia, where he took up his winter quarters. The Emperor, annoyed by this step, so fatal to a country already exhausted, and alarmed by the establishment of the Swedes in Bavaria, pressed Wallenstein to march against them. So far from obeying this injunction, Wallenstein ordered General Suys, who was already approaching Passau, to stop on this side the Ems, and forbade him under pain of death to obey the orders of the Emperor. For himself, he remained in Bohemia, crushing the inhabitants, not only by the support of his troops, but by most exorbitant exactions, and insulting their misery by the indulgence of his unbridled personal luxury. More than a thousand servants, and as many horses attached to his private use, were entertained at the expense of the Bohemian state. Ferdinand, incensed at the scant respect paid to his sovereign will, reiterated his orders to Suys, and commanded Wallenstein to send six thousand of his men to the Cardinal Infante of Spain, who had returned from Italy to the Low Countries. Wallenstein interpreted this order as an avowed determination to diminish his influence; and now it is highly probable that for the first time he began to put in execution a plan of defection, which may or may not have been revolving in his mind for years. He had chosen Piccolomini for a bosom friend, from the absurd reason that this man was born under the same constellation as himself, and he hesitated not to impart to him his treasonable design. Piccolomini listened to the detail of his plan, and

after seeking in vain to turn him from his purpose, embraced the whole of the propositions made to him, promised everything, and immediately hastened to communicate all to the Emperor.

Wallenstein convoked his generals at Pilsna for a council of war, and under the pretext of treating of peace, invited the Saxon and Swedish commissioners. The meeting took place in January, 1634. Three important objects were submitted to its deliberation: the Emperor's demand that Wallenstein should abandon his quarters in Bohemia—that he should attack Ratisbon—and, finally, that he should detach six thousand men from his army. The assembled generals declared unanimously that these measures were impracticable. Then Illo, one of the confidants of Wallenstein, having first dwelt with much vehemence on the perfidy and ingratitude of the Court of Vienna towards a man to whom they owed the salvation of the monarchy, declared that the intention of Wallenstein was to throw up the command. These words produced a most extraordinary sensation. Four generals were deputed to wait on Wallenstein, to implore him to renounce so fatal a resolution. He yielded to their entreaties, but required at the same time an engagement from them to remain faithful to him. To this they all agreed, and a writing was drawn up and read to them at a banquet, to which Illo invited them. This general did his best to ply his guests with liquor; and when they were well heated with wine, proposed that they should all sign the document they had heard read. Illo, after reading the document, had contrived surreptitiously to change it for another, in which the important words, "so long as he shall remain in the service of his majesty, and shall employ them in the same service," were omitted. Some of the chiefs, remarking the omission, refused to sign, and others equivocatingly signed in an illegible manner; but Wallenstein having on the following day represented to them his services and the injuries received from the Court of Vienna, the machinations of his numerous enemies, and the perils of his position, they all consented to sign afresh the document as he desired. This treasonable act, the proofs of which appear to be too manifold and forcible to be explained away, was the beginning of the end of Wallenstein's extraordinary career—a career in which we see overweening pride trampling ruthlessly and remorselessly on all the interests which the human heart holds dear.

GOTTHOLD'S EMBLEMS.*

THE MONEY SCALES.

AN opulent merchant having received a sum of money, was putting the ducats one by one into a pair of scales, in order to ascertain that they were not too light.

* "Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things understood by Things that are made. By CHRISTIAN SCRIVER." Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. This beautiful and suggestive work was written nearly two hundred years ago, and is now introduced to the knowledge of British Christians by an admirably executed translation. The estimation in which Scriver's writings were held in Germany in purer times than the present, will be at once apparent from the fact that the translation has been made from the twenty-eighth edition. A recent biographer of this excellent man, in a strain of almost "hymnal panegyric," thus speaks of his devotional productions: "Scriver had no equal in his day. In the spacious halls of Scripture, he wanders up and down, more at home than in his own house. He plays on its thousand strings, like David on his harp, without one false note. He is never be-

"For my part," said Gotthold, who was present, "I should be more afraid of their being too heavy." "How so?" inquired the merchant. "Do you not think," rejoined Gotthold, "that money is too heavy when bedewed with the blood of the poor, the sweat of the laborious, and the tears of the widow and the orphan, or when loaded with the curses of those who, by fraud or violence, have been robbed of it? I will hope, however, that there are no pieces of this description in that heap of yours, or rather, I will not fear that there are any. Suffer me, however, without offence, to express the wish that you will always make your conscience your scales, and weigh in it your dollars and ducats to ascertain that they are of proper weight, and have been honestly acquired. Many a man never learns, until he is struggling with death, how difficult, or rather impossible, it is to force a soul, burdened with unrighteous gain, through the strait gate which leadeth unto life. Take heed, then, that no such gain ever burdens yours. The more he carries, the more the pilgrim sweats and pants as he climbs the steep; and the more the conscience is oppressed with dishonesty and fraud, the harder will the struggle of a deathbed be." May God withhold from us the wealth to which tears, and sighs, and curses cleave. Better none at all than wealth like that!

THE LOCK.

A LOCK was shown to Gotthold, constructed of rings which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round until the letters represented the name Jesus. It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he exclaimed: "O that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart!" Our hearts are already locked, no doubt, but generally with a lock of quite another kind. Many need only to hear the words Gain, Honour, Pleasure, Riches, Revenge, and their heart opens in a moment, whereas to the Saviour and to his holy name it continues shut. May the Lord Jesus engrave his name with his own finger upon our hearts, that they may remain closed to worldly joy and worldly pleasure, self-interest, fading honour, and low revenge, and open only to him.

THE PAPER MILL.

A VISIT to a paper mill suggested to Gotthold the following train of thought: And so paper—that article so useful in human life, that repository of all the arts and sciences, that minister of all governments, that broker in all trade and commerce, that second memory of the human mind, that stable pillar of an immortal name—takes its origin from vile rags! The rag-dealer trudges on foot, or drives his cart through the towns and villages, and his arrival is the signal for searching every corner, and gathering every old and useless shred. These he takes to the mill, and there they are picked, washed, mashed, shaped, and sized, in short, formed into a fabric beautiful enough to venture unabashed even into the presence of monarchs and princes. This reminds me of the resurrection of my mortal body. When deserted by the soul, I know not what better the body is than a worn and rejected rag. Accordingly, it is buried in the earth, and there reduced to dust and ashes. If, however, man's art and device can produce so pure and white a fabric as paper from filthy rags, what should hinder God by his mighty power to raise from the grave this vile body of mine, and refine and fashion it like unto the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ? (Phil. iii. 21.)

neath and never above, but always at the vital centre of the word. From that the stream of his discourse flows forth, clear as the crystal spring of Siloa, and strong as the flood of Jordan, descending from Lebanon through the flowery borders of the Holy Land. But come and see. Do more; read the works of this old Psalmist."